

This Close

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Summary: AU, what if another girl beat Astrid to kissing Hiccup? No flames please, don't like, don't read. Will end in Hiccstrid

1. Chapter 1

It was beautiful the day he woke up. There was hardly a cloud in the sky, and the sun shone brightly. I remember perfectly well what happened when he woke up. I was there, but I half wish I wasn't. You see, we didn't end up kissing, but we were pretty dang close. Yeah, I had just finished hitting him for scaring me, and I had even grabbed his shirt to seal the deal with a lip-locking, but then someone pulled me away. Ingrid, the village flirt got him instead. It also looked like she was into it. I must've not noticed Hiccup flinch and try to push her off, or maybe he liked it just as much as her. Congrats Ingrid, you've just claimed Hiccup as yours, now could please stop grossing the whole village out? Wait, is the crowd 'aww-ing' or are they yawning?

Yeah, so that's the story of how I didn't get the boy of my dreams, drop your sympathy in the bucket, it'll go to a good cause. That's the story of how learned to hate skinny girls with mouse brown hair and 'sparkling' brown eyes. Seriously, what do people see in them? For me it was the need to use defenseless trees as targets, which I ended up doing later. But that's not the end of the story, didn't your mothers teach you about happy endings? All I know is that mine hasn't happened yet.

But girls like me don't waste their time on 'if only's' so I'll just be done with my sad story and thank anyone who had the time to listen to my rant.

* * *

><p>There will be more, don't worry, and yes, I know, AU, but give it a chance.

2. Rooting for You

It's been two years since Ingrid kissed him. I never got over it, but I didn't flinch every time she kissed him. Maybe I did notice how he never kissed her back, or maybe it was me being desperate, but whatever. His life, his girlfriend.

Oh, who am I kidding, I am _so _jealous. That stupid, oblivious young man!

It was his seventeenth birthday last night. Most people don't celebrate birthdays here, I mean, it's just another year of this pathetic life, but chiefs and their sons always have huge celebrations. It's a time where mead and other alcohol runs freely, so every viking loves them. Well, most vikings, and most of the time. Before the peace with dragons, hardly anyone knew about Hiccup's birthday except his dad and Gobber. Anyway, it was a big deal. There would be a band, singing, and dancing. Ruffnut's partners were Snotlout, Fishlegs, and even her brother as a goof. I danced with Snotlout once, and almost made it through the whole thing, but that boy is annoying in his boasts.

Ruffnut found me outside. We hardly ever talk anymore, but she's okay when she's not around her brother. "I can see why you don't like Ingrid," she said. I turned to her with a look of confusion. She continued, "Don't worry, I'm the only one who noticed. But seriously, I was just talking in a completely friendly way with Hiccup, and suddenly she's there shooing me off. 'Don't touch my future husband,' she says. I think she's only with him for his status." "You got that right," I muttered. "You know," she went on, as if she hadn't heard me, "I was really rooting for you." I must've looked surprised. "He obviously wanted you to kiss him."

With that she got up and rejoined the party inside.

I wonder who else is rooting for me.

****Here I am again, back from the dead. No excuse. So who turns out to be rooting for Astrid next? I'm putting up a Poll.****

3. Snotlout

It's been a month since Hiccup's birthday. Mine is in a week, but no one knows that. I never had a reason to celebrate it.

The Dragon Academy is the only place I see that guy without Ingrid within a ten foot radius of him. I am in complete accord with Ruffnut over the obvious fact that she's dating him for status. I even caught her making eyes at a fisherman's son. I may not like Hiccup's choice in girls, but he still deserves a girl who likes him, and him alone!

I wasn't the only one who saw her flirtatious glance in Snakebreath's direction. After I was done scowling at Ingrid, my line of sight shifted to the last person I would expect to care about such a thing.

Snotlout, wearily shaking his head in disgust at Miss Priss. I looked

between the two, wondering if it were real, and not just my imagination. Snotlout, the most annoying, selfish viking I knew, cared about his cousin's girlfriend?

He finally noticed me and smirked, except his smirk was forced. "Hey, Astrid," he said. I raised an eyebrow at him. "I know you saw her," I stated, after which he started scowling again. "You know, that's the third time this week she's done that! She's such an idiot. Can't even see that she's already got the best guy on Berk." I gaped at him, not expecting the last part. "I know, I know," he explained, "I'm a jerk to him, but I also know I could never be as good as him. He's a genius at everything except his own love life." I nodded 'cause I have the same opinion.

"Why couldn't you have kissed him before she did? You'd punch him a lot more than she does, but if he found out what she's doing behind his back, it would hurt heck of a lot more."

"I'm not so sure I want him to find out she's cheating on him, but I know he should eventually." I replied. It would hurt him to have his own heart. At least I wasn't dating him when she kissed him. At least he never kissed her once.

I'm keeping up the poll, but I'm deleting Snotlout's name.

End
file.